

CHAMBERS' EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 112. NEW SERIES.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 1846.

PRICE 1½d.

AN ESSAY ON ADVERSITY, WITH INTERJECTIONS BY A READER.

ADVERSITY!—daughter of Jove—relentless Power—tamer of the human breast—companion and nurse of Virtue—such are the terms in which a philosophical poet has spoken of it. In similar language have almost all the poets and philosophers of all ages eulogised adversity; without which, some of them say, it is impossible for any one to know what sterling qualities he may possess, or what great things he may accomplish. [A very good thing for all people besides ourselves, I suppose.] To see a brave man, says Seneca, struggling against evil fortune—

'Still buoyant 'midst the waves of adverse fate'—

is the finest sight the world can show. The gods might be expected to look down with satisfaction on such a spectacle. [All very true perhaps; but this is apparently a drama which would expire for want of actors, if men had their own choice.]

The corrupting tendency of prosperity has always been fully acknowledged. Men are then apt to be extremely puffed up and forgetful of themselves. They begin to look on their fellow-creatures as beings of an inferior nature, whom they are at liberty to use for their own purposes. Old friends are forgotten; nay, even those who may have conferred benefits upon them in their less fortunate days. Often, in the wantonness of prosperity, men will trample the most sacred principles under foot. In short, it has ever been regarded as a most dangerous thing for a frail mortal to be exposed to the demoralising influences which attend a large measure of the good things of this life. [All nonsense. I know many good fellows who have feathered their nests by railway speculations. They never used to give dinners, because they said they could not afford it. Now, they ask you every fortnight. Forget old friends! They never could remember them till now. And as for trampling sacred principles under foot—why, you will see their names opposite good sums in all the charity books that go about—fellows that never gave a halfpenny to a beggar before. I would like to be exposed to similar danger—that I know.]

The enervating effect of prosperity is perhaps its most remarkable result. Under this sickly influence, all the hardy virtues languish and die. Adversity, on the contrary, develops the native vigour of human character. [Well, I know that Jasper Thoroughpace was a clever active fellow while things were going well with him; but now that he is in the background, one would think he had lost all spirit, and had resolved to allow the world to take its own course with him—like a Turk. I called upon him the other morning, and showed him how he might make thirty pounds in a couple of

days if he would only look sharp. But he told me it was of no use—he had not heart to try anything.] Yield not to evils, said the Sybil, but go the more daringly against them. You vanquish fortune by bearing her spite with fortitude. How nobly did the ancients practise these admirable maxims of theirs, and what a noble example have they thus left to us! [A set of ninnies, that fell on their swords whenever anything went wrong. No, no, my friend; depend on it, it's all talk about the invigorating effect of adversity. As well tell me that crocuses thrive because of the snow they grow amongst, when we know it is only by reason of such sunshine as there is at that season that they can get up their heads at all.]

Perhaps, however, the most blessed result of adversity is in its softening effects upon our nature. From my own, I learn to melt at others' woe, saith the poet not more beautifully than truly. Amidst the luxuries and blandishments which prosperity brings us, we unavoidably become selfish and egotistical. The spirit grows upon us, till we become thoroughly hardened. But let us experience the frowns of adversity, and we feel at once that we are men. Our vexations and griefs teach us what human life really is to the great bulk of our fellow-creatures, and we then begin to open our ears to the cry of the poor and the anguish-laden. Thus it has happened to many a man to be converted into humanity by adversity, who would otherwise have gone on to the close of life in impenetrable selfishness—selfishness all the greater, that he was totally unconscious of there being any such thing about him. [Now, such nonsense is here! Why, the very contrary is the case. There is Mrs Craik, the nicest creature in the world as long as her husband was in easy circumstances—felt for everybody, and helped all she could—never seemed to have a selfish thought. But now that Craik has fallen back so much, why, she is no longer endurable. Last time I went to see her, she talked of nothing but the slights she meets with from old acquaintances, and what she suffers from her husband's bad temper. She is now bitter at everything. Call you this egotism or not? And she really is a good creature too. It is only that she has so much to annoy her own mind, that she can think of nothing else, much less feel for any other body's troubles. And is this an uncommon case? Have you never heard of people being soured by misfortune, getting spiteful at the world when it goes against them, and so forth? Men are hardened, my dear friend, not by prosperity, but by adversity.]

While thus servicable in disciplining the feelings, adversity has a scarcely less important power as an instructor of the judgment. In prosperity, we see everything through a false medium. The world smiles upon us, because fortune does. We never learn the real

thoughts of those around us. Men have an interest in deceiving us, and we can hardly miss being deceived accordingly. But, while abiding the storms of adversity, we have all things presented to us in the unflattering reality. We see the selfishness, if not heartlessness of men, and how little even genuine merit affects them, if they do not think they can make something by it. We learn to avoid taking things at their first fair seeming; to pause, look narrowly, and approve late. We learn to cope with the most astute in all worldly matters. From these considerations it is that the diplomas of those reared in the school of adversity have ever borne so much higher a value than those of persons brought up in pleasanter academics. Indeed, as an English poet has well expressed it, 'So many great illustrious spirits have conversed with Wo, and been taught in her school, as are enough to consecrate distress, and make ambition wish for the frown rather than the smile of fortune.' [Stuff, stuff—nothing but stuff! Adversity only twists people's judgments. In that school they do not see things in their true character, but in a very false one. Everything appears harsh and disagreeable to the man suffering adversity. If a merchant, in struggling circumstances, and refused a little credit, he thinks there is no faith in human probity, and goes home as sulkily as a bear. If a commander, who has failed in an enterprise, he conceives every allusion in his presence to military failures a symptom of the ungenerous spirit of detraction in his fellow-creatures, and is like to fall into a duelling business every day of his life. Who has the justest opinion of critics—the author whose works get a fair share of the praise which they deserve, or he who, writing bad books, is continually cut up in the reviews? Oh, my friend, look a little amongst those who are called the suffering classes, and say if actual observation makes good these dreams of yours about the stern schoolmistress. Tell us if you there find juster views of life and its complicated interests, than among the quiet well-off people of the middle ranks, or even those who have suffered a little too much of prosperity. Tell us whether demagogues find their best subjects amongst those who have empty, or those who have full bellies. But I have lost all patience with this twaddle about the beauties of adversity, and can listen to no more of it.] *Erit reader in a huff, after throwing the book from him with contempt.*

Gentle readers of my own, this is a representation of the spirit of ancient writers in contrast with that of modern readers. Adversity is one of the respectabilities of past literature. It was the fashion for twenty centuries to expatiate upon the useful effects it had upon human character, and no one ever thought of challenging this philosophy, although then, perhaps, adversity's own patients were as uneasy under her surgery as now. But it is no longer possible to pass off plausible commonplaces in this way. Men make no allowance for the solemnities of authorcraft. They look at things in a practical light only, and if they find literature attempting to impose anything upon them contrary to what they may see in the next street they pass through, or the next house they enter, they abide it not.

Addressing myself to the immediate question, I would say (were I asked my opinion) that there is a measure of truth on both sides, though mostly on one. The effects of both prosperity and adversity depend much on the particular character of the person exposed to their influence. Some are naturally liable to be corrupted by prosperity, and to be corrected by reverses; and this gives countenance to that laudation of adversity which poets and philosophers have good-naturedly proclaimed as a kind of consolation for suffering mortals in all ages. But it would be relying nearly the whole system of human desires and motives, if we could not say that, in the large majority of cases, prosperity has a softening and a generally improving effect, and adversity the reverse. The latter can only be honestly regarded as mainly and in most instances a positive evil.

Bear it resignedly and virtuously; admire all examples of heroism under it; be unlimited in efforts to relieve its victims. But see it, at the same time, in its true character, and try by all honourable means to be prosperous—notwithstanding the poets.

RECENT REVELATIONS OF THE MICROSCOPE.

THE Manchester Guardian, with characteristic industry, gives ample reports of six lectures on the Microscope and its Revelations, delivered in the course of last December by Dr Carpenter, in the Royal Manchester Institution. They present a ready summary of the chief services which the microscope has of late years rendered to science. It appears that this instrument remained for two centuries in nearly its original state, but that, within the last twenty years, there have been great additions both to its powers and to its accuracy. The consequence has been, the accumulation of a vast quantity of curious facts regarding the minutest departments of the vegetable and animal kingdoms, and the ultimate structure of organic substances, including particularly that of shells, which has been Dr Carpenter's own department in the investigation. The instrument has also been brought to bear in a happy manner upon certain geological inquiries and speculations, into which it has been the unexpected means of introducing certainty where otherwise all was, and would have continued to be, doubtful. We would fain give our readers some idea of the importance to which the microscope is thus rising as a philosophical instrument, and we pitch for this purpose upon the geological investigations, as those likely to be the more novel to a large class of readers.

We may first explain that the geological investigations of the microscope proceed upon certain facts; first, that organic structures—that is, vegetable and animal matters—in their composition differ essentially from such as are inorganic, in as far as there is always some regularity of form discernible in them, when minutely observed; and second, that particular organic substances usually have certain peculiarities in this intimate structure, by which they may be distinguished one from another. Here, it must be observed, minute inspection is the all-important matter. Masses are often of no particular character to ordinary observation; they may be inorganic or organic for anything we can tell, judging merely by the naked eye. But when the least bit, properly prepared, is subjected to the microscope, we see features in it which at once determine the question. So also a mass may be known to be organic (a fossil); but we may not be able, from its external aspect, to say whether it is vegetable or animal, or to what order of plants or animals it has belonged: the microscopist, however—knowing that petrification, while changing the component material of the object, produces no change on its ultimate structure, or, as we might say, its architecture—proceeds with confidence to examine the mass in question, and, discerning the forms characteristic of certain classes of plants or animals, assigns it at once its proper place in organic nature. Such decisions are often of great consequence; for it not unfrequently happens that a scale, or a tooth, or a fragment of bone, is all that we possess of some fossil, the determination of whose character may be the only means of solving an important geological question.

Dr Carpenter states that, some months ago, he was applied to by Mr Darwin, the eminent naturalist, to ascertain, with regard to two extensive strata in North America, whether they were identical in materials. From the comminuted shells contained in both, Mr Darwin thought it likely they were identical; but he could not be sure. Dr Carpenter examined them microscopically, and 'was enabled to state, with almost perfect certainty

that the one formation was produced by the still further subdivision of the other; and that the two, so far as regarded their material, were identical.* He had also been referred to by Dr Falconer, the distinguished paleontologist of the Himalaya mountains, to pronounce on certain bodies he had found in a rock, when in search of organic remains, whether they were organic or inorganic. By microscopic examination, Dr Carpenter was enabled to determine that they were of the latter character, because he found their structure to be crystalline. Here a difficult point was settled at once, and satisfactorily.

On another occasion, Dr Falconer was at a loss to ascertain the nature of certain small bones which he had found in the Sivalik hills, near the remains of the twenty-foot-long tortoise which he was the means of discovering.* He was inclined to believe that they were the toe bones of some animal of the same species; but their form was not sufficiently characteristic to enable him to determine this with certainty. He placed them in the hands of Mr Quekitt, subcurator of the College of Surgeons, who has paid considerable attention to the microscopic structure of bones. Dr Falconer did not tell him what they were, or give him the least clue to his own opinion, but merely asked him to throw as much light upon the nature of the bones as he could. Mr Quekitt in due time gave notice that they were the bones of a reptile, and most probably of the turtle order; thus completely confirming the supposition which Dr Falconer had formed from other evidence.

The principal substance of the teeth in almost all animals is one called *dentin*, characterised by minute tubular passages permeating it in a direction from the centre to the circumference. Considerable variation in the arrangement of these tubuli was found in different groups of animals, which enabled us to determine with great precision, by the inspection of even small fragments of ivory, the animal to which the tooth belonged. Dr Carpenter then showed a section of the tooth of the great megatherium, one of the gigantic fossil sloths, which were to the sloths at present existing in South America like what an elephant is to a sheep. That tooth, like the front teeth of rats and other rodents, was growing from a pulp at the base, thus making up for the gradual wearing of the surface from the want of enamel. The dentin or ivory in these teeth was peculiar in this, that it was entirely destitute of the small canals. There was one great central cavity, from which various canals passed out over the internal portion of the ivory; and there was no doubt, from their general appearance, that in these canals there had been blood-vessels in the living animal. External to this layer was a layer of ordinary, or non-vascular ivory; and external to this was the *crusta petrosa*, which corresponded very closely with the substance of bone. This was precisely the substance of the teeth of the sloth at the present time, except that they had not the vascularity of the internal portion of the dentin; and they were made up of dentin and an external layer of cementum, without any enamel. Teeth formed upon this plan would not be enabled to grind down any very hard vegetable substance; and the sloth lived now upon the soft shoots of trees, &c. It was formerly supposed that the megatherium, the *milodon*, and other sloth-like animals, burrowed in the ground, and perhaps fed upon the roots of trees, which they met with in digging the soil. This view seemed borne out, too, by the fact, that it would be impossible for any tree to support the enormous weight of these animals. They could not climb a tree, as did the sloth at the present time, and find subsistence upon its branches. But the structure of their teeth was investigated by Professor Owen, and his discovery went in complete opposition to such an idea. It was shown that these teeth could not, by any possibility, grind

down the hard roots of trees; that they were not formed at all upon the same plan as the teeth of bears, and other animals which fed upon hard vegetable substances, and which had not only enamel present, but enamel arranged in plates upon the substance of the teeth in such a manner as, by the equal wear of the dentin, cementum, and enamel, produced a constantly rough surface upon the crown of the grinding teeth. Nothing of this kind existed in the fossil sloth, and it was perfectly clear that that gigantic creature could not have existed upon the roots of trees; that it must have fed, in fact, upon the same kind of substances as the sloth of the present time. How did it get them? Could it climb trees? Certainly not. Reasoning upon these facts, then, and upon the habits of the animal, Professor Owen was led to work out a most curious train of investigation, which led to the most complete history of the habits of any fossil animal, differing so widely from the animals of the present time, that had been ever given to the world, from the material supplied by the anatomist. He had fully proved, as far as circumstantial evidence could prove, that the habits of the animal were these:—By its enormous digging fore-feet (for there was no question that they were organised for digging), it burrowed down and excavated beneath the roots of trees, and then, rearing itself up upon its hind-legs and tail, as upon a tripod, it pushed against the tree, swaying backwards and forwards until the tree fell; then it browsed upon the leaves and young shoots, until it had completely stripped them, when it went on to another; and the present sloth completely stripped one tree before it left it. Professor Owen had mentioned this circumstance to him (Dr Carpenter), as showing the confirmation which accident would sometimes give to elaborately worked-out views of this kind. He was explaining to Dr Buckland (the principal advocate for the theory that it ate roots) his views upon the subject, who said, that if this was the case, the animals would be very likely to be killed by the fall of the tree. Professor Owen replied, that their gigantic strength might possibly push the tree down in a direction from them, and that they would have sufficient instinct to get out of the way. But the very next specimen that was brought home from South America (at present in the museum of the Royal College of Surgeons, and which was worthy the inspection of every one the least interested in the subject), the skeleton of the great *milodon*, the most complete skeleton of this group, showed a very large fracture in the skull of the animal; not made at the time of fossilisation, or since, but a fracture which had been united and healed again. The fracture was one the animal must have received from such an accident as a tree falling upon its head; but being provided with a very thick skull, of which the brains did not form a very great portion, it thus escaped vital injury, and eventually led a long and active life subsequent to this blow. This corresponded most remarkably with the views Professor Owen had already suggested, in consequence of the determination of the microscopic observations of the teeth.*

The lecturer then adverted to another animal of the ancient world, one belonging to a still remoter era, and denominated, from certain extraordinary peculiarities in its teeth, the labyrinthodon. All must have heard, and many witnessed the fact, that the quarries at Stourton in Cheshire, and other quarries in the midland counties—Worcestershire and Warwickshire—had presented regular footmarks of an animal. He did not allude to the recent undetermined footsteps, but to discoveries some years ago of an animal which could only be referred to the group of batrachian reptiles or frogs, as no other animal was found which seemed to make such footprints. But the enormous size of the footmarks seemed to militate against the idea that it was possible for such an animal to have made the impress, for it would have required a frog three or four feet long to make such an impression, it being fully the size of the foot of an ostrich. Professor Owen received from some of the

* An account of this extraordinary animal is given in the second volume of the Journal, new series, p. 394.

Worcestershire and Warwickshire quarries several of the bones and teeth of this animal, and also some smaller teeth from Germany, which he was requested to examine. Upon making a section of the teeth, he found they were utterly dissimilar from anything he had elsewhere seen; and yet, when unravelling this complex structure, and searching for something corresponding with it in other groups, he was gradually led to perceive that the bones and teeth must belong to reptiles intermediate between the ordinary reptiles and fishes: one bone nearly approaching the ichthyosaurus, another the teeth of the lepidosteus [a sauroid fish, resembling the present bony pike], and one of the bones of the sword fish. Other indications led him to perceive that teeth, and fragments of the jaws in which the teeth were imbedded, might have belonged to a batrachian reptile of the frog kind.* Thus the case was made out, and it was determined that the world, at the time of the deposition of the rock of the Warwickshire quarries, contained a frog-like animal of probably the size of a little bullock.

Dr Carpenter then alluded to his own investigations in determining the structure of the solid parts of animals allied to the star-fish and sea-urchin. The shell of the cœlinus, or sea-urchin, was found to be composed of a network of calcareous matter, sometimes forming a series of plates parallel to each other, and connected by little pillars proceeding from one surface to another. In the spines with which the animal is covered, this network had a most beautiful appearance. Upon showing the sections of these objects under the microscope to a friend engaged in the lace manufacture—Mr Heathcote, the member for Tiverton—that gentleman observed that he thought it would be a good pattern for lace. (It would not be the first time that objects in natural history had suggested patterns; for within a few weeks after the publication of a section of the teeth of the labyrinthodon, it was to be seen in the centre of a large handkerchief printed in Manchester.) The crinoids, or stone-lilies, were a fossil tribe of this order of animals, and their remains form a large part of many ancient strata. It was supposed by mineralogists that the fragments of these animals, where calcareous matter had been infiltrated to the complete displacement of the original matter, were crystalline in structure; but the lecturer had shown that they contained a characteristic and beautifully-preserved structure.

He had done the same with the shells of molluscs (common shell-fish), both ancient and modern. The hard parts of these animals are not mere masses of calcareous matter, as a piece of limestone is, but are distinguished each by some peculiarity of structure, which the microscope exhibits to us. Primarily, the shell of a molluscous animal is composed of cells of animal matter, in which are contained calcareous matter. In many cases these cells are of a prismatic form, and the internal matter takes its shape from the cells. By seeing, then, the smallest fragment of shell, or even a little of the calcareous dust left when the membrane was discharged from it, he could tell to what tribe of molluscs it had belonged. There is a family of bivalves, very prevalent in early ages, and still existing—the terebratulæ—which have a most peculiar structure, enabling the microscopist to determine them with ease. In this large group, two great divisions have been assigned by microscopic observation. One division is marked by a series of little dots on the surface, sometimes visible, although difficult to be seen by the naked eye, and sometimes requiring a strong magnifier to distinguish them. These dots are the orifices of canals which pass through the shell from one surface to the other. This was not known before the test of the microscope was applied. He showed a rough diagram of the thickness of one of these shells, and the canals passing nearly straight through, from surface to surface; sometimes they were found winding a little, but in many fossil species of the oolite they passed through direct. This distinction served to divide the very extensive genus, containing several hundred species, into two divisions;

and previously, naturalists had been very much at a loss to obtain good characteristics for the division of the group. One division is characterised by the presence of these extraordinary perforations; the other by the absence of them. By the examination of the recent shell with the animal in it, he had made out, within the last few months, this very curious fact, which was quite unique in the history of the formation of shell, that in these tubes, passing to the external surface of the shell, there were glandular prolongations of the substance of the animal; that every one of the tubes contains a little gland connected with the mantle or skin lining the shell. It was evident, therefore, whatever might be the office of the glands (which was not determined), the presence or absence of these orifices in the shell must be regarded as of considerable importance. Suppose he took a shell not perforated, and scaling off the minutest fragment (which it was more easy to do than in the other division of terebratulæ), placed it under the microscope, the following curious structure would be observed:—It is made up of an excessive quantity of layers, each layer folded and folded upon itself; and this characteristic structure of these terebratulæ distinguished them from every other shell. The internal surface of the shell being ground away, tide-like markings were seen, laid one over another, which were, in fact, the extremities of these long folds, which crop out obliquely upon the internal surface of the shell; and these long folds, broken up into fragments, have at the termination of every one of them this long, tile-like, rounded form. This structure he had made out to be characteristic of that group, and to be confined exclusively to it; and therefore we are enabled to determine with precision, from the most minute fragment of the shell, the division of the group to which it belonged.

In a future paper we may return to this subject, and take advantage of the Guardian's reports to give our readers some idea of the discoveries by the microscope in physiology.

FRAY CRISTOBAL.

A NARRATIVE OF THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR IN TEXAS.

BY PERCY B. ST JOHN.

BEFORE the war which for many years filled with desolation and rapine the whole of Texas, colonisation was extending its beneficial influence into the very heart of the country. The untiring energy and perseverance of the Anglo-Saxon race were carrying the arts of peace and civilisation into the wilds; and in every district where wood, water, and fertile land tempted the adventurer, arose farms and cultivated fields. The savages, even the wild and warlike Comanches, were easily conciliated, and the whole land was dotted—at vast distances one from the other, it is true—with smiling homesteads. That happy and noble results would have ensued, none can doubt, had not the trump of war shaken the fabric of society, and replaced the back settlements in the condition of a wild and unproductive waste.

Andrew Pollock, a Kentuckian landowner of no inconsiderable wealth, had been one of the earliest colonists who determined, at the instance of Moses Austin, the original settler, to make Texas his home. Of peculiar tastes, however, which led him to love the solitude and sublimity of the woods and the mighty prairies, where none but the painted Indian is found to dwell, Pollock, with his family, passed the outermost borders of civilisation, and erected his tent some thirty miles beyond San Antonio de Bexar, within the district where the Arabs of the American desert, the Comanches,* hunted and fought. His habitation presented,

* Of this remarkable tribe of Indians—their manners, customs, and peculiarities—an account will be found in 'The Enchanted Rock,' a little volume by the author of the above narrative. London: Hayward and Adams.

after two years of care had been devoted to it, a most pleasing sight. Andrew Pollock had selected as his abiding place the mouth of a valley, where a stream burst from its pent-up position between craggy heights. To the north and east spread a vast plain, dotted with its lands of timber, while a thick grove in the vicinity of the dwelling showed that the wary Kentuckian was as much alive to the importance of his proximity to wood as to water. The dwelling and its appurtenances had been erected with care and taste; its size betokening that room had been provided for a large family, while a stockade proved that danger was yet to be feared in that secluded spot. Numerous fields of corn, maize, and other vegetable productions, were carefully fenced in, while large herds of cattle roamed at will over the plain, recalled at even by the sound of the guardian's voice and bell.

Early on the first Sabbath morn in May 1835, the whole family and the labourers were congregated on a kind of lawn in front of the dwelling at breakfast. The family was composed of the father, mother, two sons, and a daughter, Helen Pollock, a charming girl, who added to the unsophisticatedness of the wilds the advantages of an excellent education. A dozen farm-labourers and their wives, with half as many black slaves, completed the party, if we add a solitary Indian, who stood leaning against an upright post a little way from the table. Fray Cristobal was an anomaly in his tribe. About two-and-twenty, gay, tall, and handsome, with features utterly distinct from his companions, though paint and exposure had done their worst, this young man commanded a band of daring warriors, who carried their arms into the very heart of Mexico. His followers, about sixty in number, it was notorious, were better accoutred and better provided in every way than their fellows, while, different from the usual Indian practice, they yielded implicit obedience to their chief. Between Pollock and Fray Cristobal, as he called himself, a friendship had subsisted ever since the farmer's settlement, which was invaluable to the white man, who, in the constant presence of his Comanche friend at his farm, found his best protection against injury.

'I tell you, Fray Cristobal,' said Andrew Pollock, 'on the present occasion you must be mistaken. A Mexican army in full march on Texas, and a regiment of dragoons about to pass this way—impossible!'

'Fray Cristobal has seen them. War has begun, the Mexicans have thousands in the field, and my friend will feel the first blow if he is not wise,' replied the other calmly but firmly, in pure English, or rather American, as our tongue is called in these regions.

'You appear very positive,' said the colonist, 'and I must fain credit your words. But what would you have me do? If the Mexicans are in such force as this, surely to defend this house would be of little use, unless indeed your warriors could be brought down?'

'My warriors are far on the war-path, and Fray Cristobal is alone. His arm would be as a reed to defend; but he will hide the gray-head and his flock,' exclaimed he, his eye glancing with a look of mingled bitterness and admiration at Helen.

'Fly, and leave my home to the destroyer?'

'Or stay and be destroyed with your home,' said the Comanche chief.

'Father,' interposed Helen, rising and moving nearer to him, 'better let home and the wealth of this world perish alone, than us die with it. If there is danger, follow Cristobal's advice, and fly.'

'It is too late,' said the Indian in a tone of deep dejection; 'look up the valley; the *sombreros* of the Mexicans are rising on the edge of the cliff.'

It was too true: the peace of that quiet spot was to be invaded, and by the ruthless and pitiless Mexicans, with orders to treat all Americans as rebels, and put them to death on the spot. Before the strength of Texas was discovered, such was the terrible policy of the late President Santa Anna. A loud shout from the

Mexican cavalry proclaimed their delight at their arrival at a habitation; and in a few moments the house was surrounded, and all its inhabitants made prisoners, with the exception of Fray Cristobal, who had instantly sought the cover of the wood. The wild appearance of the centralist troops was little calculated to reassure the captives. With huge low-crowned hats, gaudy jackets adorned with buttons, pantaloons covered with tinsel, and the *serape saltillo*, or fancy blanket, they at the first glance looked picturesque enough; but black and unwashed faces, eyes in which gleamed no fire of mind or intellect, the knowledge of their gross ignorance, with their huge mustaches, blunderbusses, and every variety of firearms, filled the thoughts with visions of banditti, to whom, in guise and conduct, the Mexican soldiers unfortunately approximate too much.

Andrew Pollock, with his whole family and dependents, were now led before the commanding officer, a young man in a faded uniform, with the addition of a yellow cloak and a high steeple-crowned hat. This was Colonel Don Jose de Sarmiento, who, eyeing his prisoners with little favour—except indeed the fair-haired and now pallid Helen—inquired who they were, and what they did within the confines of the Mexican territory? Andrew Pollock, who understood Spanish, replied somewhat haughtily that he was a free-born American citizen, and, by adoption, a member of the new republic of Texas. Colonel Don Jose scarcely permitted him to finish his reply, ere he cried, 'A rebel! a rebel! *Muertos a todos los Tejanos!*' 'I shall rest here a day or so: to-morrow morning, at daybreak, let these rebels'—comprehending by a sweep of his arm all the white men—'die. You, Pietro, back to General Woll, and bring his warrant for their execution.' Andrew Pollock and his sons, with all the white men, were now hurried into one of their outhouses, round which a strong guard was placed, while Helen and the rest of the women were placed in safe custody within one of the huts of the labourers, also guarded.

Colonel Jose, after giving the inexplicable order, as it appeared to his men, to spare all property as much as possible, and to touch nothing but what was absolutely necessary for their refreshment, sat down on the lawn with his officers to eat the untasted breakfast, which had been provided for its rightful owners. For some time the colonel was silent, apparently musing deeply within himself. At length he spoke in a low tone to the next in command. It appeared that, struck by the comfort, peace, and tranquillity of that retired hamlet, the soldier, called much against his will from the pleasures of Mexico city, had conceived a desire, very natural in a conqueror, of appropriating Pollock's property to his own use; and as of course, in his view of things, Mexico must triumph, of settling there and making it his home. 'It will make a lovely *ranchero*,' said he, gazing with admiration at all the evidences of Anglo-Saxon taste and industry displayed around; 'and with that little fair beauty for its mistress, it would be a perfect paradise.' Colonel Jose was notoriously a man of impulse; but as the present whim promised to transform a lieutenant-colonel into a colonel, the inferior officer made no comment, but with a meaning smile said, 'You can learn your fate at once: make her hand the price of her father's life, and I doubt not Padre Vevortilla will wed you on the spot. The old fellow will doubtless be too happy to give his daughter's hand and his possessions to save his rebel life.' Colonel Jose, approving of his subordinate's idea, Helen and her father were sent for. The interview took place in the best room of the house, where the invader unceremoniously installed himself in the arm-chair that up to that day only the patriarch of the spot ever sat in. The colonel's air was self-satisfied and confident. He knew the lax

* Death to all Texans!—a cry which hurried hundreds of Texans to a bloody end. Four hundred were slaughtered in cold blood at one time in the war.

principles in vogue in Mexico, and that few would there hesitate between life and honour. He therefore boldly broached his proposition of giving Pollock and all his dependents liberty in exchange for his possessions and his daughter. Pollock was petrified; while Helen, who understood Spanish, looked at her captor in disgust. 'No, infamous spoiler!', said the stern Kentuckian; 'my life is in your hands—take it; but neither lands nor child shall be yours. My daughter wed a Mexican robber! No. My life you will take; but yet a few days, and my brave countrymen will scourge you and your race back beyond the Great River.' The colonel was astounded, and at once ordered his prisoners back to confinement. Sentiments of this character were so new to him, that it required some leisure ere he fully comprehended their force. He then reiterated his commands for the execution, stroked his mustache with a self-satisfied air, and lay down to an early *siesta*.

Helen, meanwhile, who sat at her prison window gazing out upon the scene before her with vacant eye, dwelt with agony upon the position of her family. Her thoughts were of a mixed character. Horror at the proposition of the Mexican partisan was mingled with the reflection that her sacrifice might save many whom she loved. This again was doubtful, as the free gift of the property appeared the great object aimed at by Don Jose. Then came upon her other thoughts of one who had laid his life and love at her feet, and whom she had rejected with disdain because of his colour—Fray Cristobal. He had offered to quit his tribe, his roving life, all for her, and settle down a colonist under the banner of Texas. Her manner, her shrinking repugnance at binding herself to one with Indian blood in his veins, had been sufficient answer for the warrior. He had spoken no more, but his altered mien indicated deeply-wounded feelings. Helen knew him well, and knew that, under other circumstances, Fray Cristobal had perilled life, all, for her and her family. She felt with bitter regret that on his devotion she now had no claim.

The day passed: the Mexican soldiers ate, drank, slept, and amused themselves; a few keeping watch. Night came, and then sentinels were posted at every weak point: in fact a chain of soldiers surrounded the house. Ingress and egress appeared equally impossible. Hours passed; the last meal was brought to the prisoners, with an intimation that at daybreak the terrible tragedy would be enacted. For greater safety, lights were denied them, though the guards omitted to deprive the captives of their pipes and tobacco pouches, in which flint and steel were always kept. For about two hours after sunset, no sound was heard save the measured tramp of the mounted sentinels without the stockade, and of the foot within. Helen sat alone at the window of her hut, which overlooked the lawn. To the right was the outhouse containing the male prisoners, to the left the stream. On this now fell the rays of the dim moon, just rising from a bank of clouds; and on this Helen gazed, under the influence of the only feeling which preserved her from utter despair. It wanted an hour of midnight, and yet there was no sign given. Ten minutes more passed, when a dark mass rising slowly from the water gave hope, and made poor Helen's heart beat wildly. A figure was clearly visible. It stood upon the brink of the stream, near a wood-pile, when a musket-shot was fired by an observing sentinel. A heavy plunge was heard in the water, and when the alarmed sentinels reached the spot, a dark mass was seen floating down the river, already at a distance. Satisfied that the Indian intruder had been slain, or mortally wounded, the soldiers, after reporting as much, returned to their posts.

Helen, who had seen the Indian, after throwing a log into the river, glide behind the wood-pile, now saw him, with intense anxiety, crawl along the line of buildings. He reached the spot where she stood, and was about to pass, when a low-whispered 'Cristobal' arrested him.

'Miss Pollock,' said he in the same tone, 'in one sentence tell me all you know.' Helen in a few hurried words explained all. 'Your father, all, shall be saved.' 'Oh, Cristobal, do that; save my father, my mother, my brothers all, and my deep and eternal gratitude shall be yours.' 'Gratitude is but a cold word to me,' said Cristobal, who with her dropped all semblance of Indian manner. 'Be generous, dear Cristobal,' whispered Helen, blushing unseen in the darkness. 'I have been cruel, unkind, but your devotion to my friends will make me forget all.' 'Even my Indian blood?' said Cristobal, with a sad melancholy in his tone which went to the girl's heart. 'All but your noble risk of life and all life's joys to save my friends.' 'And you, Miss Pollock?' 'Cristobal,' said the agitated girl hurriedly; 'dear Cristobal, such dreadful scenes as these make us live years in an hour. Call me, then, Helen; save my father and mother, and hope everything.' Fray seized the girl's hand through the barred window, and said in a husky tone, 'If I save all, would you forget my Indian taint, and become my wife?' 'I would—I will,' said Helen, who in this hour of peril became a woman, forgetting all maiden coyness in the excitement of the moment. 'From gratitude only?' said Cristobal gloomily. 'I will never marry a man I do not love and respect.' 'And you will be mine?' 'I will.' 'You love me then?' 'Dear Cristobal, waste not the precious moments; think what is most dear to you, and doubt not but time will prove you not far wrong.' There was a tenderness in Helen's tone which carried irresistible conviction, and pressing her hand to his lips, the young man glided away towards the shed in which the men were confined.

A brief and hurried conversation now ensued, which having lasted about ten minutes, the Comanche chief returned, and bidding Helen be of good cheer, again sought the river, and plunging therein, disappeared. The agitated girl now noticed that a great bustle was taking place in the shed containing the male prisoners, as if the whole party were busily engaged in moving all it contained. Sounds of breaking up barrels were plainly heard, and then the low and cautious striking of a light. Helen's heart beat violently; she felt confident that some plan arranged between Cristobal and her father was about to be carried out. Next instant a flame rose in the shed on the side which communicated to the outbuildings and granaries, while handfuls of burning sticks were cast from narrow loopholes, which were intended to supply light and air to the erection. The alarm was given; the sentinels rushed to stay the flames and punish the audacious captives, when the door flew open, and a volley of musketry was poured upon the astonished Mexicans. The prisoners had been placed in the arsenal of the whole hamlet. And now, amid the roar of musketry and the crackling of the flames, came the fearful Comanche war-whoop from the plains upon the bewildered and affrighted Mexicans. To defend the house was impossible, as the fire would soon wrap it in one mass of flames; but for this a successful resistance might have been made. As it was, without attempting to recapture the armed Anglo-Saxons, who poured a galling fire upon them, the Mexican cavalry mounted, and collecting in one dense body, retreated towards the valley, followed by the Comanche horse, of whom they entertained a most wholesome and salutary fear.

Efforts were now made to extinguish the flames, which had been the main instrument in dislodging the Mexicans, who, but for this, would have held good the house against the Comanches. It was, however, in vain, and all that could be done was to remove the wagons and every kind of valuable from their proximity to the conflagration. This the party soon effected, the furniture in the house being all saved and placed upon the green sward. At dawn of day nothing remained of the late comfortable and happy home of the stern Kentuckian but smouldering rubbish and blackened stumps. Still, more than he hoped for had been saved in the

shape of household goods and cattle, while not one precious life had been lost.

No time was, however, to be lost, as the whole Mexican force could easily overtake them. The wagons were loaded with rapidity, the oxen harnessed, and the cattle all driven into herds. In an hour every preparation was made, the word was given, and, escorted by the Comanches, Andrew Pollock turned his back upon his late home, to seek one less subject to the inroads of an invading army. Like most of his neighbours, the patriarch of the wilderness had resolved to send his wife and daughter, with the other women, to the sea-coast, and, joining General Samuel Houston, do battle for his country. For several days the Comanches accompanied the cavalcade, and then, according to Indian custom, disappeared without the ceremony of an adieu. The leader, however, remained, who then, in the presence of her whole family, declared the engagement between himself and Helen. Andrew Pollock started in anger, and turning to his daughter, said, with little delicacy towards his Comanche preserver, 'Helen marry an Indian!' 'Who saved my father from death and me from worse?' replied Helen firmly. 'Not an Indian,' exclaimed Cristobal, at this instant extending a parchment to Andrew; 'but Henry Norton of Kentucky, captain in the service of the republic of Texas.' The young man then explained that his father, impelled by romantic feelings, had wedded a beautiful Indian girl; that on coming into the enjoyment of that parent's property, galled by the concealed enmities of some of his acquaintance, and the feeling that Indian blood was in his veins, he had adopted his mother's baptismal name, and fled to her relatives, where, by dint of gallantry, and by spending his income among them, he had raised the troop we have above alluded to. Until he saw Helen, he had determined for ever to dwell with the Comanches: her beauty had, however, won him back to civilisation. We need enter into no further particulars. The lovers were united; Henry, Andrew, and the sons, all distinguished themselves in the war of independence: it ended; and now peace being finally established, the family once more occupy their original abiding-place, where the writer in 1842 enjoyed their unaffected hospitality.

A WORD ON THE ENGLISH AND SCOTCH CRIMINAL LAW.

DURING the last few years, a commission has been investigating the state of the criminal law of England, with a view to its amendment; and already eight reports—blue-books of portly size—have made their appearance. That the English criminal law stands in need of great reform, is universally acknowledged, and every one must be glad to learn that at length something is likely, from the recommendation of these reports, to be done. From what we have seen, however, of the reports, it is to be feared that this 'something' will be altogether homoeopathic in its practical application. A number of the worst features of the system will in all probability remain.

One thing strikes us as remarkable in perusing these reports—the apparent ignorance among the commission of there being such a country as Scotland, or such a thing as Scottish criminal law. We scarcely think this species of ignorance commendable. In looking about for better institutes and usages, it is surely worth while inquiring if anything of the kind can be had from a country so very near home; more especially since the criminal code of that country does not seem to stand in need of either commissions or blue-books, but goes on in a way quite satisfactory to its people. We propose, in our humble way, to remedy this oversight.

The Scottish criminal law is only to a small extent founded on special statute. The origin of much of it is

unknown, or is at least very remote; and, in general tone and tendency, it may be described as temperate and humane. Embodied in a few law-books, which are considered as authorities, it is simple and intelligible to every comprehension. The forms of its administration, however, are more remarkable than its doctrines; and it is to these we crave the attention of our English readers.

In the first place, all crimes whatsoever, from simple larceny to the most heinous offences, fall within the cognisance of a public prosecutor. To every court of justice in the kingdom a public prosecutor is attached. All civic jurisdictions, police-courts, county or sheriff-courts, as well as the higher criminal tribunals, have their respective prosecutors. The prosecutors thus attached to the inferior courts are styled *procurators-fiscal*; those connected with the higher jurisdictions are the lord-advocate and his deputies. These functionaries respectively receive complaints from parties injured, sift out the facts of the case, and sue the criminals before the court to which they belong, *altogether at the public expense*. The injured party in no case has anything to do with the duty of prosecuting; he is summoned only as a witness, and gives himself no uneasiness as to the result. When he has given his evidence, he has no more to say or do. Neither the prosecutor nor other officers of court call on him for a single farthing of expense. All this is quite different in England, where the private or injured party is bound to prosecute, and has generally to pay a large sum in expenses. We have heard it stated, though we speak only from hearsay, that the suing of a criminal before one of the higher courts in England seldom costs the unhappy prosecutor less than twenty pounds. At all events, the expense, whatever it is, acts as a preventive to complaint. It would appear that the wisest thing any man can do who is robbed, is never to say a word about it. The expectation, under such a system, of anything like a correct return of the crimes annually committed is out of the question.*

We have mentioned one point in which the Scottish procedure may be considered superior to the English; the next is, the means of determining whether there be sufficient grounds for bringing the accused to trial. This determination in Scotland rests with the lord-advocate, or with the procurators-fiscal in the case of inferior offences. The lord-advocate is a responsible crown officer; and it is matter of observation that he prosecutes neither wantonly nor negligently: the cases laid before him and his deputies undergo a deliberate scrutiny. By this arrangement, which we never heard impugned, the public generally are put to no kind of trouble. To prevent oppression, and afford an opportunity of preparing a defence, the indictment must be served on the accused fifteen days at least before trial, along with a list of the witnesses to be brought against him, also the names of all the jurors who are to appear on the assize. Poor prisoners are assigned agents and counsel to conduct their case through the court. Compare this simple and humane, yet efficient machinery, with the clumsy English apparatus of a grand jury—sending men to trial by the score with scarcely a minute's warning. At the central criminal court in London, the grand jury sometimes passes three or four hundred cases through its

* Since the above was in type, Sir Robert Peel has proposed in parliament to pay the expense of prosecution from the public funds; but this, we believe, only applies to that portion of the expenses usually borne by the county rates—not to the part payable by the private prosecutor.

hands within a week, the investigation of a case in many instances not occupying a quarter of an hour!

Following the accused into court, we again see how much more reasonable is the routine of procedure against him in the Scottish criminal law. There is a deliberate distinctness in every step in the process. The witnesses are sworn by one of the judges in a solemn and impressive manner, by the holding up of the right hand, and calling on the Almighty to attest the truth of what is about to be uttered. The attitude of the judge, rising from his chair with outstretched arm to perform this duty, is considered so striking, as to have been adopted by the sculptor: one of the finest statues in Scotland is that of President Forbes in the act of administering an oath. In England, as is well known, oaths are administered by an inferior officer of court causing the witness to kiss the outside of a book, and this he does in a manner so hurried and profane, as to be little better than a burlesque. With respect to the examination which follows, we would add, that in no Scottish court of justice would barristers be suffered for one moment to bully and ridicule witnesses, as they seem to do with impunity in England. In the execution of their onerous duties, the Scottish judges uniformly act the part of protectors alike to witnesses and the unfortunate prisoners at their bar; the decorum which uniformly prevails, the pains taken to arrive at the truth, and the appearance of even-handed justice, in trials before the Supreme Criminal Court at Edinburgh, or any of the circuits, seldom fail to excite the admiration of strangers. Within the last few years in England, prisoners have been permitted to plead by counsel. In Scotland, this has been the humane practice for centuries.

In the enclosing of a jury, the superior advantages of our northern practice is remarkably conspicuous. Out of a certain number of persons summoned, fifteen are selected by lot, and their decision, by a majority, if they cannot all agree, at once settles the innocence or guilt of the prisoner. Compare this latter arrangement with the English plan, of compelling twelve men to be unanimous one way or another! The spectacle of starved juries is never seen in Scotland; and one can only wonder how such a barbarism should till this day be tolerated in the sister kingdoms. A few days ago, as we observe by the newspapers, a jury on a criminal trial was nearly starved to death at Mullingar, in Ireland. The report is worth extracting.

'This morning, at ten o'clock, the Chief Justice of the Common Pleas and the Chief Baron took their seats on the bench, when the jury were called into court.

Chief Baron.—Well, gentlemen, have you agreed to your verdict?

Foreman.—No, my lord, we have not.

Chief Baron.—Is there any likelihood of your agreeing?

Foreman.—Not the least, my lord.

Chief Baron.—Under these circumstances, gentlemen, you must again retire to your room, as there is no alternative. We have no discretion in the matter.

Foreman.—My lord, there is not the least use in our retiring again, as there is no possibility of our ever agreeing. There are ten of us one way, and two the other; so, my lord, you may as well be good enough to discharge us, for agree we never will on this case. We are now twenty-four hours locked up in our room, with only some water for refreshment, and a very indifferent fire, and some of us in very poor health indeed. Our room is more like a dungeon than anything else; and if we are confined any longer, it may seriously endanger our lives.

After a short discussion, the jury were sent back to their dungeon, protesting that they should be starved. They accordingly remained in confinement all night and next day, and were only relieved at the end of forty hours, at which time they remained of the same way of thinking as at first. A new trial was ordered.'

The editor of the newspaper (*Daily News*, January 24) whence we copy these particulars, concludes with the following just remarks:—'Suppose these maltreated gentlemen had been at length, as a question of self-preservation, starved into a verbal agreement, and pronounced a decision. What is it worth? Can justice receive it?—can common-sense receive it?—can public opinion receive it? No; but law can. Truly a pretty condition of the law in the nineteenth century! * * * If by these proceedings of a barbarous age—by which I mean the present age, as in this instance palpably united with the ages of torture and other barbarities in the insulted name of justice—if by these proceedings any one of these gentlemen forming the jury at Mullingar should lose his life, either in a few days, or weeks, or months, as the previous circumstance of his years, constitution, and health or sickness at the time may determine, then the law is directly chargeable with wilful and deliberate murder.'

What a state of affairs is this! In trying one man, murdering a dozen. The remedy—and the only one we can see—is to introduce the Scotch practice of a jury of fifteen, whose decision, by a majority, shall be deemed sufficient.

The last point on which we have a wish to speak, is the indecent haste with which the ordinary class of cases are tried in England. The whole affair at the Old Bailey seems to be conducted with the speed of a whirlwind. Before a poor wretch can look about him, he finds himself condemned to transportation or the gallows. More time is usually occupied in a Scottish small-debt court to determine a claim of five shillings, than in many instances employed in deciding on the fate of a fellow-creature at this English tribunal. This excessive precipitancy, arising, no doubt, from the undue accumulation of cases, and the incapacity of the court to overtake them, does not, as far as we can perceive, call forth the reprobation of the commissioners, who only refer to the frequent necessity for a new trial; and this they consider a desideratum in a variety of cases. We altogether object to this clumsy mode of remedying an acknowledged abuse. Instead of granting power to institute new trials, on the ground of correcting previous errors, would it not be much more reasonable to take time to investigate the case at first?—devote a day, or even half a day to the trial, instead of slapping it off in fifteen or twenty minutes?

In the blue-books before us, there is some remarkable evidence bearing on this cruel perversion of justice. It seems to be not an unusual thing in the metropolis to condemn men for crimes of which they are altogether innocent. Sometimes these unfortunates are hanged; and in other instances, by a little fortunate inquiry, they are saved. Will it be credited, that in the year 1828, no fewer than six persons were saved from death in the course of only nine months, in London alone, by the humane exertions of two individuals, who made it appear, beyond dispute, that in five cases of the six the prisoners were totally innocent, while in the remaining case the prisoner, although seemingly guilty, had been convicted in a grossly illegal manner? The first of these cases mentioned in evidence was that of two men, Anderson and Morris, who were condemned to death for a robbery, and ordered for execution. By a little inquiry, while these poor men were under sentence, Mr Wilde, an attorney in extensive practice in London, discovered that they were really innocent. With the greatest difficulty he procured a reprieve, but not till half-past eleven o'clock on the night before the execution was to take place. Perhaps even then it might not have been procured, but for the assistance of the governor of the prison and his deputy, who were led to take the same view of the case as Mr Wilde.

Mr Wilde detailed a second case. A man named Smith was found guilty of forgery, and sentenced to death. He had pled guilty on the assurance that if he did so his life would be spared; but there was no appearance of this promise being fulfilled, although the connexions of the party condemned used every exer-

tion to save him. About four or five days before that fixed for the execution, Mr Wilde, who had heard the condemned sermon preached, was applied to by the prisoner's brother-in-law, a respectable tradesman in Cornhill, who had been going about for several days trying to obtain a hearing in behalf of his unfortunate relative. From him Mr Wilde learned the particulars of the case. The prosecution, it appeared, was instituted by the Committee of Bankers; and as many prisoners had been acquitted in like cases from the difficulty of proving the utterance, the solicitor for the Committee of Bankers thought fit to authorise Mr Cope, the city marshal, to go to the prisoner and promise that, if he pled guilty, his life would be spared; in other words, his sentence would be commuted into transportation for life. Mr Wilde communicated these facts to Sir Robert Peel, who again communicated them to the Lord Chancellor, Lyndhurst. Lord Lyndhurst then summoned to his private room the prosecutor, the solicitor for the Committee of Bankers, and the city marshal; and the facts appearing exactly as the prisoner's brother-in-law had stated them, Smith was respited during his majesty's pleasure. In this case, although the prisoner may not have been innocent of the crime, yet it is evident that, having been led to plead guilty by a false representation, he had had a most unfair trial.

The third case alluded to by Mr Wilde was one in which two poor destitute Irishmen, named Mallet and Farthing, had been convicted, on circumstantial evidence, of a capital offence, and sentenced to death. The result of Mr Wilde's investigations having been to satisfy himself that the men were totally innocent, and that the charge was a conspiracy on the part of the prosecutors, he was able to procure their respite. In addition to these three cases, in which he was concerned in the way of personal interference, Mr Wilde mentioned a fourth, in which a man named Brown, who had been indicted and found guilty for robbing a woman, got respited through the exertions of his master, Mr Lingham, who was convinced of his innocence.

Thus, in the course of nine months, were six persons saved from death after conviction; five of whom were innocent of the crime for which they were to die, and one of whom was unfairly treated on his trial. Mr Wilde also stated his opinion, that 'if the documents at the Home Office were examined, many cases would be found in which, by the exertions of former sheriffs, the lives of persons ordered for execution had been saved.' The horrible inference is, that there may, in all probability, have been cases in which, either from the want of such active and humane interference as that of Mr Wilde, or from the strength of appearances against the condemned parties, innocent persons may have been sent out of the world by an ignominious death.

Tradition may have preserved one or two cases of individuals in Scotland being executed wrongfully; but in modern times nothing of the kind, we believe, has been heard of. For this we are not more indebted to the cautious inquiry of the lord-advocate and his assistants, than to the system of preliminary examinations by the procurators-fiscal and sheriff-substitutes. These sheriff-substitutes are a class of stipendiary magistrates, one of whom is resident in each county; but some counties have two or three; they are all men educated to the law, and form a valuable body of officers, having cognisance of civil as well as criminal matters. In England, there is no order of functionaries exactly parallel to these resident county magistrates, which we cannot help considering a misfortune. It is universally allowed, that to no institution has Scotland been so much indebted for its permanent order and tranquillity, as to that of its sheriff-substitutes. The introduction of such impartial functionaries into Ireland might be considered invaluable.

Such are a few points which we have thought worthy of making known to our English neighbours. We are far from saying that the system of Scottish criminal procedure is perfect in all its details. At a subsequent

opportunity we may show defects which it is desirable to remedy. Meanwhile, with all its imperfections, it works smoothly, and to the satisfaction of the country. Taken as a whole, it seems immeasurably in advance of that of England; and we respectfully submit it to the consideration of 'her majesty's right trusty and well-beloved commissioners, touching crimes, and the trial and punishment thereof.'

VISIT TO THE CRICHTON INSTITUTION.

ON one of those lovely mornings with which a brilliant but reddened sun occasionally favours us at the beginning of December, I wandered from the town of Dumfries into the midst of the beautiful valley in which it is situated, and through which the 'winding Nith' pours its waters. Pursuing my way about a mile along the banks of this stream—through scenery rendered classic by the genius of Burns—I found the landscape adorned with a stately edifice, occupying a gentle eminence which slopes gradually towards the river, and presenting a grand and imposing appearance. From a massive but low tower or lantern in the centre, radiate four wings, of commanding proportions, which are surmounted by a balustrade ornamented with numerous vases. The building is pierced by many windows; the whole presenting those architectural features which are always associated with the Elizabethan style. This magnificent structure is the Crichton Institution, an asylum for lunatics; and as its origin is peculiar, I propose to give some account of it.

It appears that the late Mr Crichton made an immense fortune in India. Without arbitrarily bequeathing a sum of money to found an hospital, he expressed in his will a wish that his executors would apply a portion of his wealth to some great benevolent purpose. His widow and chief executrix—the highly-respected Mrs Crichton of Friars' Carse—decided at first, in compliance with her husband's implied desire, to found a college. For this purpose she applied to the then lord chancellor, whose sanction, in the first instance, it was necessary to obtain. That functionary, however, expressed an opinion that the educational wants of Scotland were already sufficiently well provided for—a high and well-merited compliment to the country; but one to which the benevolent lady was so little inclined to accede, that she still pressed her petition to be allowed to build a college. The lord chancellor was obliged at last positively to refuse the lady the requisite powers for carrying her cherished design into execution. Soon after this disappointment, she happened to be visiting Bath, and was induced to inspect, for curiosity's sake, the admirably-conducted lunatic asylum which is situated near that city. She immediately remembered that there was little accommodation for lunatics, particularly for those of the higher classes, in Scotland; and eventually decided on realising her husband's wishes, by erecting an institution for the insane. The project was accomplished with skill and magnificence—or rather partly accomplished—for only half of the architect's design has as yet been completed. When finished—which I was told it will soon be—this edifice will be one of the most splendid in Scotland.

As I applied for admission at the porter's lodge, by showing my letter of invitation from the principal, a handsomely-appointed carriage, shaped like an omnibus, was passing out. One of the occupants, a lady, greeted me with a smile of welcome, so frank and engaging, that I mistook her for a lady in authority. She, as well as her companions, however, were patients about to take

their morning drive. The grounds are so extensive, that, when entered, some distance had to be passed over before the institution itself could be reached. Fifty-six acres are laid out in gardens, walks, pleasure-grounds, orchards, and shrubberies, for the use of the patients; many of whom I met, engaged either in gardening, as at Morningside,* or promenading. Passing under a lofty archway, I found myself in a quadrangle, and was admitted into the interior of the building—which proved, on close inspection, to be constructed, not of brick, as might at first sight be supposed, but of the new red sandstone with which this district abounds.

Once entered, the excellent plan of the building is easily understood. The massive tower seen outside, standing in the midst, gives off four wings, which contain galleries one above another three storeys high. The corners formed by the departure or stretching out of the wings from the tower, are filled up with either dining or private sitting-rooms, whilst the sleeping apartments are ranged along and entered from the sides of each gallery. A view of what may be going on in each of these galleries is obtained from the central tower, which consists inside of a staircase, with landings so placed as to allow a spectator to see through the glazed walls into each of the four galleries of the storey he may wish to command. The ground-floor is appropriated to paupers, the officers of the institution, &c.; the floor above accommodates most of the higher-class patients who can afford separate attendants and apartments. The highest storey is set apart for patients of the middle classes. The rates of payment for board and every accommodation vary from £15 per annum (for paupers) to £350 for such as are provided with all the conveniences, and some of the luxuries, of high life. Ascending the stairs of the tower to their very top, level with the roofs of the wings, we reach a circular gallery, arranged as a library, which, as most of the inmates belong to the educated classes, is very much used. In the last report of Dr Browne, the medical director, it is stated that it already consists of 650 volumes. Over and above these, private collections, belonging to patients, are distributed throughout the institution. Books constitute, it would seem, a valuable and never-failing engine in moral treatment; and different kinds of books are prescribed for the mind as systematically as different sorts of medicine are ordered for the body. By them passion is often subdued, and a healthy tone of feeling revived more effectually than by direct repression or inculcation. To those who have been highly educated, who have belonged to one or other of the learned professions, who have made literature a pursuit, or who have depended for much of their happiness upon reading, a library has become not a luxury, but a necessary of their moral existence. One bibliomaniac in the asylum has already exhausted the store, and sighs for additions. In proof of the benefit of books, it is stated that a gallery of patients, in which the number of readers is large, is comparatively a quiet, happy, and healthy department of the establishment. Neither are the habitual readers mere triflers over newspapers and periodicals. At one period the following books were in the possession of patients:—Thierry's History of the Norman Conquest, D'Aubigne's History of the Reformation, Gil Blas, Shakspeare, and many of Sir Walter Scott's novels, &c.—a catalogue which shows the varied and elevated tastes which must be supplied, and the identity of the pursuits of many of the insane with those of men of strong intellect and fervid genius. To one of these students a daily task was allotted, and he subjected himself to examination by the medical attendant, in the same way that a course of history

should be conducted. Another busied himself in compiling a commonplace book; a third translated a treatise upon Dipsomania, ostensibly to facilitate the labours of the superintendent; a fourth scanned the newspapers, and extracted all facts bearing upon a topic of interest; while a fifth actually furnished to a periodical the creations of his fancy. One amiable, accomplished, and excellent being, who imagined that it was incumbent upon him to abstain from food, to increase the comforts of the poor, and to prevent a general famine, and that his brain was transmuted into fat, and consequently impeded the exercise of his faculties, was induced to engage in the study and translation of Moliere's amusing comedy, the *Malade Imaginaire*. He spent many delightful hours at this task, bending his powers diligently to overcome the difficulties, and to discover the beauties of the author; coming out of himself, as it seemed; forgetting his own sorrows and ailments; and, it may be, tempted to doubt their reality, while laughing at the hypochondriacal fancies and medicine mania of the principal character, Argan.

Those patients who have not ability or inclination to read, are occasionally read to. On one occasion it was determined to produce a powerful, painful, and retrospective train of feeling in a person who seemed to be lapsing from a state of high over-wrought sensibility into one of apathy and senility. He had distinguished himself as a poet, and during one of his darkest and dullest moods, some of his own beautiful and pathetic verses were read to him. He at first smiled, then appeared to be awakened to a recollection of the circumstances, and emotions under which they had been composed, then became deeply affected, and wept. He was agitated for some hours, but the effects gradually disappeared. Directly or indirectly, therefore, the library is employed as a means of alleviation and cure. Still, some caution is requisite in its use, and a check is imposed upon the course of reading; as when an inmate afflicted with a suicidal mania inquires for Bolingbroke's works, or Anne Radcliffe's novels. Delusions have indeed been created or confirmed from certain passages in books. One patient having found in a periodical a description of the character of George III., drew a parallel between himself and that monarch, and then proclaimed himself George V. But such accidents are counterbalanced by the amount of real knowledge, the habits of steady attention and consecutive reflection, the exercise of memory, the introduction of happy and wholesome views of mankind, the springs of innocent mirth, which even enfeebled or erratic faculties receive from reading, be it ever so desultory.

Descending into one of the galleries of the upper floor, I passed several ladies amusing themselves in various ways, and entered the chapel. This is modestly rather than handsomely fitted up, and quite in accordance with the solemn uses to which it is put. As regards the behaviour of the unhappy congregation, their physician speaks in a candid, but, on the whole, favourable strain. 'Although,' he remarks, 'it would be too sanguine a view of the experiment and of its effects to affirm that the same degree of decorum and quiet exist as in a sane congregation, yet the composure and sobriety of the most restless and rebellious patients is a proof that this influence is considerable: the self-control exerted is greater than under any other circumstances; and the expressions of gratification derived from the service prove that it is appreciated. The calm which prevails is of course partly the result of the selection of the audience, but proceeds in great measure from a recognition of the purpose of the meeting, from the early associations which still influence the habits, although not the reason, of the insane, from the principle of imitation, and the restraint imposed by the presence of others, and by good manners or respect for authority. Of those who generally attend chapel, however, many are actuated by higher motives and more rational views; many have contracted an attachment to the excellent chaplain, whose kind disposition, gentle

* See vol. iv. p. 406, new series.

manners, and simple Scriptural teaching, they have learned to value and to love.' An inscription is placed opposite the pulpit—plain and expressive—dedicating the whole building to the late Mr Crichton, by his widow—a noble and praiseworthy monument, whether considered externally or morally.

Leaving the chapel, I was introduced to a gallery containing about a dozen gentlemen. On being shown into the sitting-room common to them all, various implements of amusement and pastime were observable. Drawing and painting appear to be resources occasionally resorted to. One gentleman acquired so great a dexterity in the use of crayons, as to produce portraits of exquisite finish; one of which I saw. His was an exalted mania, and he seldom condescended to portray the countenance of any one who was not a hero or a person of rank. Except one unfortunate man, who stuck himself rigidly and immovably against the wall, and kept his eyes intently fixed on vacancy, none of the inmates of the upper galleries showed signs of discomfort or eccentricity. They were perhaps a little less noisy, less communicative to each other, than a similar number of sane persons, placed in the same situation, would have been.

In the dining-room common to the inmates of another gallery, I was shown the peculiar knives and forks with which they eat. Both are of German silver; the former too blunt for mischief, and the latter, instead of being separated into prongs, are merely grooved, in imitation thereof, up to within about half an inch of the points, where they are separated so as to be useful. Should, therefore, a suicidal or destructive patient attempt anything dangerous with such a fork, the damage would be but trifling. Some extraordinary delusions of this nature have manifested themselves in the Crichton Institution. Instances have happened in which a dread of self-destruction has been the leading characteristic of the mania; but a dread so great, that it has driven the victim of it to attempt the act as an escape from his terrible fear of it; as if—to borrow an idea from a forcible writer on insanity—he would rush into the arms of Death to avoid looking into his face. Others show a desire to terminate existence from a fear of being murdered. Some of the expedients resorted to by these unhappy beings are extremely ingenious. One female inmate, who, while obstinately resisting medicine, from the suspicion that it contained mercury and poison—having some knowledge of the constitutional effects of that drug, and the extreme danger of taking cold whilst its effects were operating on the system—took every opportunity of filling her boots with water, in order that she might be attacked by inflammation and die. This systematic sapping of the foundations of health and strength was resorted to, after many attempts at strangulation had been detected and defeated. The ingenuity employed by persons afflicted with this mania is occasionally astonishing. A young woman possessed herself, whilst taking her daily walks, of stones and pieces of coal, and, rubbing them against the walls, so as to give them sharp edges and angles, swallowed them, in the hope of so far disorganising her system as to get past recovery. Another female, a lady of education, presents an extraordinary instance of this propensity ingeniously indulged. It was so strong, that she was placed in a room from which every article of furniture was removed, which in fact contained nothing more than a French bed without canopy, and a carpet. Notwithstanding these precautions, it was ascertained that she had pulled the carpet from the floor, collected the nails by which it was secured, and swallowed twenty-four of them. She was then removed to another apartment, where there was no carpet, and an attendant was appointed to remain constantly with her. The bed in which she lay was covered with cotton chintz, which was attached to the wood by nails. Stealthily, silently, and without changing her position or disturbing her companion, she succeeded in extracting a number of these, which were likewise swallowed. Since this

period she has stolen and introduced into the stomach a thimble and a small padlock. But what is even more startling and instructive, is her confession that, when comparatively sane and serene, when most trusted, and most worthy of confidence, she was in the habit of swallowing stones, pins, needles, and other small objects innumerable, with the settled resolution to sap the foundation of her strength and life.

Incessant precaution is not necessary merely against such grave hallucinations, but to counteract the destructive propensities of some inmates. The most remarkable of these is what Dr Browne denominates *Pyromania*—a mania for destruction by the agency of fire. This subject deserves, in reference to judicial proceedings in the case of incendiaries, very serious consideration. In some instances the desire to set inflammable substances on fire is, according to Dr Browne, less a crime than a disease, and as such, epidemic from the force of imitation; and there are facts which bear out this theory. At precisely the same time in 1830, when great devastation was committed in England by rick-burners, bands of young women perpetrated similar deeds in France, without apparent object or design. The experiences of the Crichton Institution show that this mania sometimes exists with a perfect disregard of life, even where no suicidal inclinations are manifested. 'One of this class has been observed to handle ignited coals as if they were harmless, and, after setting fire to a sofa, sat quietly down upon the burning cloth, as if to court immolation. Another inmate, who originally manifested her derangement by attempting to destroy farm produce, still, upon all favourable occasions, consigns her dress to the fire, without regard to the value of the article, or to her own comfort, and obviously derives intense gratification from the brilliant flame which she has produced. This woman, although passionate, and so irrational as to recognise in her fellow-patients former friends and acquaintances disguised as *feu d'es*, is acute, cunning, and perfectly conscious of the culpable and dangerous nature of her irresistible propensities.'

In the galleries set apart for the higher-class patients, I observed that the drawing-rooms were furnished with all the elegances of private life. A set of window-curtains was pointed out as the work of a lady inmate, whose mind was considerably relieved by the occupation they afforded. As far as is consistent with the sanatory expedients of the establishment, social life is surrounded with all the amenities and pleasures of the 'outer world.' Billiards, card parties, chess, summer ice, have occupied many a tedious hour within doors. In the evening, exhibitions of legerdemain, ventriloquism, musical and dancing parties, visits to the Dumfries theatre, concerts, and other public places, have been resorted to as rewards, encouragement, and distraction. And as the influence of discipline and supervision has been carried into effect in these assemblies, as the patients are never allowed to forget that they are observed, and under probation, and upon honour; and as due care has been bestowed in selecting those of decorous deportment and suitable dispositions, no ill, but, on the contrary, much good, has resulted.

The most extraordinary amusement, however, in which some of the better-class patients are allowed to indulge, is private theatricals. This, bold step was first made in Britain, and Dr Browne deserves infinite credit for its introduction and success. In his report for 1844, he thus speaks of the experiment:—'Theatrical representation, as a mean of cure and pleasure to the insane, is not now confined to the Crichton Institution. Melodramas have been acted before the inmates of asylums in this country; and *Tartuffe* has been produced by the patients in Salpêtrière at Paris, with the same sort of poetical justice which suggested the selection of *Redgauntlet* by the company in this asylum. Three pieces were brought out during last season; of these the *Mock Doctor* was

the favourite. It contains some ludicrous allusions to asylums and their governors; and the shouts of laughter and triumph with which the exposure of the savage practices formerly pursued in these places was received, indicated how keenly some portion of the audience understood the point and truth of the satire, and how cordially they rejoiced at the revolution which had established the gentler rule under which they then were. Eleven patients participated in some degree or other in the representation. Four of these have since left the institution; and a fifth, who is undoubtedly indebted to the exercise of memory in acquiring his part for a resuscitation of intellect, will soon obtain liberty. But the company will survive such losses—even the desertion of the active stage-manager. In one case only, either among the actors or auditors, could excitement be attributed to the effects of the amusements. A plain prosaic, but perhaps vain artisan, was raised to the rank of lord of the bedchamber; and although all that was required in the part was to stand still and look steadily at a particular point during a mimic pageant, the assumption of dignity, the novelty of the position, or the constraint necessary, destroyed the equanimity which had been previously established, and retarded convalescence. But this event was the consequence of injudicious selection, of a sanguine estimate of the stability of reason, not of the ordeal to which the mind was subjected, and might have followed an incautious appeal to vanity, or the liberation of the patient. After an experience of two successive years, and when about to commence a third season, and after a dispassionate examination of the effect which the stage, when well directed, is capable of exerting, by the exposure and correction of follies, by the discipline, consecutive intellectual training, and the concentration imposed upon the performers, and by the gaiety and good-humour excited in the spectators, this conclusion appears to be inevitable—that no human means as yet employed has, at so little risk, and with so little trouble and expense, communicated so much rational happiness to so many of the insane at the same time, or so completely placed them in circumstances so closely allied to those of sane beings, or so calculated either to remove the burden of mental disease, or to render it more bearable. The attempt is no longer an experiment; it is a great fact in moral science, and must be accepted and acted upon.

Of the literary amusements provided for the patients, and their proficiency in composition, mention has already been made in a notice of the publication issued by them, called the 'New Moon.*' Since then, it may be safely said, the New Moon has gained brilliancy with its age, and that the last number is as amusing and rational as the first.

On the ground-floor, devoted to the humbler class of inmates, every attention is paid to their comfort; the only difference between them and those above-stairs being in the article of furniture, which is more homely, and less abundant. Here is a 'padded room' for outrageous patients: the floor is wadded, and round the walls are placed a series of panels with canvas stretched tightly over them, which, being like drum-heads, are elastic, and prevent the patient from injuring himself. When in use, the room is made perfectly dark. Darkness is found to act as a sedative; indeed the effect is sometimes instantaneous, as if the withdrawal of light acted directly on the brain. One thing is certain, that in such a condition the sufferer has no objects whatever to excite him, as in some states the sight of the merest trifle, even of a pin, will increase the paroxysm.

This was the last apartment I was shown, and, after a most agreeable and instructive interview with the medical director, I took my leave.

From what could be observed in a passing visit to this admirable asylum, its management and internal arrangements cannot be too highly commended. Though it presents human nature in its saddest phase, yet it is

a sight no philanthropist should deny himself, provided always he can obtain the necessary permission; which is not, I apprehend, very difficult to be obtained from the skilful and courteous medical director.

The number of inmates amounted, in November 1845, to 133.

GLEANINGS FROM THE CLUB-BOOKS.

Our readers are probably aware that for some years past a considerable number of clubs or societies have been established, whose function it is to print books which are distributed among the members, the expense being borne by the general amount of their annual contributions. The principle on which these institutions have proceeded is, that supposing there are a certain number of persons curious in books of a particular class in literature, amounting in number to one, two, three, or four hundred, they may supply themselves each with one copy of any number of the books which suit their taste, through such a system, without encountering the risk of publication. It is something like a revival of the old plan of subscription—a set of men are associated, of whom each receives a copy of every work which their united funds are sufficient to print. It is probable that the system could not be made applicable to new original works, as each member would be anxious to print something written by himself, and it is not likely that the question, whether it deserved to be printed by the club, would be considered so impartially as when the author of the book has been some centuries in his grave. Accordingly, the book-clubs have in general confined themselves to reprints of old books of which the original editions have become rare, or to the printing of old manuscripts. In the system which they pursue, they practically avow that their books are not of a class capable of attracting so much public interest as to procure for them a general sale. And there is no doubt that, like all commodities prepared to suit the tastes of particular individuals, the club-books are in the mass caviare to the multitude. But among contemporary annals and diaries, old romances, specimens of ancient poetry, records of local events, and the like, which are the staple commodity of the clubs, it would be strange indeed if several hundred volumes did not afford some passages possessed of interest to general readers. In truth, there are among these rarely-opened volumes many specimens of curious narrative and adventure—delineations of customs, manners, and superstitions—incidents connected with the lives of eminent persons, and illustrations of historical events—which it were to be regretted that general readers should not have an opportunity of perusing. We therefore propose to devote a few columns to some gleanings which we have made from this neglected field.

THE ROMANCE OF SIR AMADACE.

The old metrical romances of England and Scotland, though imbued with the false morality of chivalry and the barbarism of the dark ages, yet contain many illustrations of high and pure feeling. To hold some one object as the great end of life, and to allow no cares, or sacrifices, or inferior aims to interfere with its fulfilment, is the characteristic motive of chivalry; and where the object pursued by the faithful knight is a good one, his generous devotion and contempt of all selfish impulses present us with a fine and elevating picture of the better features of human nature. In the unpublished romance which, under the title of Sir Amadace, has been printed for the Camden Society, the points of character mainly illustrated are a wife's devoted attachment; and a man's adherence to his pledged word. The bankrupt merchant denied Christian burial, and the widow watching the corrupting body to scare away the beasts of the field and the fowls of the air, as long as she has life, may not be a pleasing picture; but the minstrel who imagined such a tale of tried constancy, and the people who delighted to listen to it, had

* See volume III, p. 43, new series.

in them something good. This romance probably furnished part of the stock in trade of those minstrels who were partly the reciters merely, partly the authors, of the verses they repeated. The manuscript, whatever may be its precise age, must have existed early in the fifteenth century, as it contains certain commemorations made by its owner during the reigns of Henry V. and VI. The structure of the poem is dramatic. The form of stanza, and in general the words used, have been preserved in the extracts which follow, and only such changes have been made as were absolutely necessary to enable an ordinary reader to follow the narrative. The initial stanzas have perhaps been lost. The reader is very abruptly introduced to a consultation between Sir Amadace and his steward, in which the latter demonstrates that his master owes more money than his lands will produce in seven years. In the present day, this would afford no great ground of alarm; the spendthrift might double such a debt before he need anticipate any immediate pecuniary difficulty. In those days, however, 'the money market was heavy,' to use a term well understood in the present age; and the steward is obliged to suggest that his lord should lay aside his state, dismiss his retinue, and have but one servant where he had ten. The knight agrees to the justice of the course, but not having courage to practise it where he is so well known, departs with a few attendants in search of adventures, all the money he has with him being forty pounds. He is then described as coming towards a chapel from which shines a light, and sending his servant on to inquire what it might mean. The servant returns—

And said, 'Sir, at yonder chapel I have been,
A selcouth sight there have I seen,
My heart is heavy as lead.
There stands a bier and candles two,
A woman sitting and no moe;
Lord! careful* is her rede.
Sore she sighs and hands wrings,
And ever she cries on heaven's kings
How long she shall be there.
She says, dear God what may that be,
The great sorrow that she upon him see,
Stinkand upon his bier.
She says she will not let him alone,
Till she fall dead down to the stone,
For his life was to her full dear.

Sir Amadace then questions the lady himself, and—

She said, 'Sir, needlongs must I sit him by,
I faith there will him none but I;
He was my wedded fere.†
Then Sir Amadace said, 'Me likes full ill,
Ye are both in a plight to spill,
He lies so long on bier.
What a man in his life was he?
'Sir, a merchant of this cite,
Had rich rents to rear;
And every year three hundred pound
Of ready money and of round,
And for debt yet lies he here.
Then Sir Amadace said, 'For the rood,
On what manner spended he his good,
That this gate‡ is away?
'Sir, on gentlemen and officers,
To great lords that were his peers,
He would give gifts gay;
Rich feasts would he make,
And poor men, for God's sake,
He fed them every day;
While he had any good to take,
He was not the man for God's sake,
That would once say nay.

Yet he did as a fool:
He clad more men against Yule
Than did a noble knight;
For his meat he would not spare,
Beards in the hall were never bare,
With clothes richly dight.
If I said he did not well;
He said, God sent it every deal,
And set my words at light.
Then he took so much upon his name,
I dare not tell you, Lord, for shame,
The goods now that he owed.

And then came Death, wo him be!
And parted my lord and me,
Left me in all the care:
When my neighbours heard tell that he sick lay,
They came to me as they best may,
Their goods asked they there;
All that ever was his and mine,
Horse and nowt, sheep and swine,
Away they drove and bare.
My dowry to my life I sold,
And all the pennies to them told,
Lord, yet owed he well more.

She then proceeds to say that every debt was discharged save one of thirty pounds to a merchant of the city, who for this debt had arrested his body and forbidden it burial, saying that hounds should drag it to the field and gnaw the bones there. For sixteen weeks, in the lonely chapel, the widow had watched the corpse on the bier, and so she declared she would continue till death took her also. Sir Amadace ascertains the name of the merchant, comforts the lady, and departs; but sends his servant to the merchant to bring him to sup with him, when he endeavours to persuade him to forego the debt, and permit the body to be buried. The merchant is inexorable, and Sir Amadace pays him thirty pounds from his own money; the remaining ten is expended in burying the dead body. The knight then dismisses his squires, and journeys forward, penniless and alone, moralising on the miseries of poverty. Thus occupied, he is accosted by a knight all in white, riding on a milk-white steed, who questions him wherefore he goes mourning so, as if he doubted the divine Providence and its power to raise up as well as to cast down; assuring him that for good deeds done there shall be rich reward.

The white knight then questions Sir Amadace as to how he would regard the man who should bring him from this desponding and low estate to the full enjoyment of wealth and honours, and if he would be content to divide with such a one all he might gain by his means. Sir Amadace agrees to the compact, and is told of a royal king who has a fair daughter, which daughter is to be given to the knight who is first in the field and best in the tourney. He is told to go thither; that gold for his spending, and trappings, as becoms a knight, will be fully provided; that he will win all wealth and honour, and at last wed the fair lady.

Then bespoke Sir Amadace:
'An thou hast might through God's grace
So to comfort me,
Thou shalt find me true and leal,
And even, Lord, for to deal
Betwixt thee and me.'
'Farewell,' he said, 'Sir Amadace,
And thou shalt work through God's grace,
And it shall be with thee.'
Sir Amadace said, 'Have good day,
And thou shalt find me, and I may
As true as any man be!'

Sir Amadace is then represented as walking on a lonely coast, where he finds the contents of a wrecked vessel which had been cast on shore. There he finds knights in armour, and steeds white and gray; and we are induced to presume that the former were dead, as Sir Amadace strips them of their armour and rich apparel; while the latter, by an equal good fortune, must have survived the storm, as one of them becomes the knight's faithful steed. There were also coffers filled with all manner of precious things—gold and rich array. Then Sir Amadace, having robed himself full regally, was in good condition for trying his lot at the jousting, to be held in honour of the king's fair daughter. It appears that the riches thus put at the disposal of Sir Amadace had been cast on the coasts of this same king's territory. The king sends his knights to greet him; while, in order to have the best benefit of existing circumstances—

Sir Amadace said, 'I was a prince of mickle pride,
And here I had thought so ride
Forsooth at this tourney.
I was victualled with wine and flour;
Horses, harness, and armour;
Knights of good array;

* Full of care. † Companion. ‡ This way.

Strongest storms me over drove,
My noble ship it all rave.
Though sooth yourselves may say,
To spend I have enough plenty;
But all the men that came with me,
Forsooth they are away.

This was a somewhat uncandid proceeding on the part of so peerless a knight, to say the least of it. The king, however, tells him—

'I never saw man that sat in seat,
So much of my love might get,
As thou thyself has.'

and offers to provide him with a suitable retinue and attendants, all of whom the knight rewards with great munificence; and both in the tourney and the battle-field he bears off all the honour—winning

Field and frith, town and tower,
Castle and rich citie.

Winning also the love of the king's fair daughter, who is awarded to him, with the half of the kingdom while the king lives, and the whole of it at his death.

Thus is Sir Amadace cured of his wo;
(May God lend grace that we were so!)

A royal feast caused he make;
There waded he that ladye bright.
The eating lasted a fortnight,

With spears for to shake.
Another half-year they lived full glad;
And a fair boy-child they had;

Great mirth on that they make.
Listen now, brothers, of doings great,
While on a day before the feast,

This compeer come to the gate.

He came in as gay a gear,

Right as he an angel were,

Clad he was in white.

Unto the porter spake he so,

Said, 'To thy lord mine errand go

Hastily and right;

And if he ask ought after me,

From whence I come, or what countrie,

Say that my suit is white;

And say we have together been—

I hope full well he has me seen,

He will it never denyte.'

The servant bears the message to his master, and—

'Is he come,' he said, 'my own true frere?

To me he both loved and dear,

As ought he wold to be.

But all my men, I yon command

To serve him well, both foot and hand,

Right as ye wold do me.'

Then Sir Amadace unto him went,

And also did that ladye gente,

That was of hie so bright;

And did well that she ought to do,

Whom her lord loved she worshipped too,

As such a woman might.

Who should his steed to stable have,

Knight, yeoman, squire, or knave—

Neither with him he brought.

Then Sir Amadace would have taken his steed,

And to the hall himself led;

But so would he not.

He said, 'Certain the sooth to tell,

I will neither eat, drink, nor dwell,

By God that me dear bought!

But take and deal it even in two—

Give me my part, and let me go,

If I be worthy ought.'

Sir Amadace then endeavours to persuade him to remain, telling him a fortnight would not suffice to go over the rich lands and divide them. But the white knight tells him he will have neither lands nor towns, gold nor silver—

'But, by my faith, withouten strife,
Half thy child, and half thy wife,
And they shall with me gone.'

This is a very startling proposition. The grief and horror of Sir Amadace are then depicted, and how he besought,

For his love that died on tree,

that all besides might be taken, and his wife and child spared: but the white knight is inexorable, and bids

him think on the covenant that he had made with him in his misery.

Then out bespake that ladye bright,
Said, 'Ye shall hold that ye have light,
By God and St. Distane,

For his love that died on tree,

Look your covenant holden be:

Your promise was full faine.

Sith Christ will that it be so,

Take and part me even in two;

Thou won me—I am thine!

God forbid that blamed you be,

Or a liar made for me,

Your honour in land to tyme.'

Still she stood withouten let,

Neither changed hue, nor gret.*

That lady mild and dear;

Had 'Fetch me my young son me before,

For he was of my body bore,

And lay my heart full near.

Thou quoth the white knight now,

'Which of them most lovest thou?'

He said, 'My wife so dear!'

'Sith thou lovest her the more,

Thou shalt part her even before

Her white sides rear.'

Sir Amadace is frantic, his men are swooning around him, and the lady is represented as kissing her lord, and lying down meekly with a cloth over her eyes. The sword is uplifted, when the white knight steps forward, takes up the lady and the child, and giving them back to Sir Amadace—

Said, 'I could not blame thee wert thou was,

Such a lady far to slay,

Thy honour thus would save;

Yet I was as largely glad

When thou gave all thou ever had,

My bones for to grave.

In chapel where I lay hounds' meat,

Thou paid first thirty pounds great;

Sith all that thou might'st have;

Then sought I God for thee to care,

Who for me was made so bare,

My honour in land to save.

Farwell now,' he said, 'mine own true frere,

For my lodging is no longer here,

With tongue thus I thee tell;

But love this lady as thy life,

Who thus meekly, without strife,

Thy covenant would fulfil.

Then he went out of that town,

Gliding away as dew is stown,

And they abode there still.

They kneeled down upon their knee,

And thanked God and Mary free,

And so they had good skill.

MANNERS OF THE CHINESE COMMISSIONER KEYING.

THIS high official of the Chinese emperor paid a visit to Hong Kong in the month of November last, and spent a few days very agreeably with the British governor. The *China Mail* of the 27th of that month, published at Hong Kong, gives a lively account of the visit, and particularly of two entertainments which took place on the occasion—one given by the governor to the commissioner, and another by the commissioner to the governor; from all of which it appears that an excellent understanding now exists between the Chinese and British authorities.

At the first dinner, the governor, Major-General D'Aguiar, gave as a toast the health of Keying, whom he described as 'the enlightened statesman, the friend alike of China and of England,' and one to be equally valued for political talents and social qualities. Keying made a modest reply, and at the conclusion held out his hand to the governor as a token of friendship. 'We leave the *China Mail* to tell the rest.

Nothing could exceed the affability and good-humour of Keying, accompanied by the highest tact and good breeding. He was jovial at dinner, but without excess; and after having volunteered a Manchow Tartar song, which he gave with great spirit, the company adjourned to the drawing-room, where a party, consisting of the ladies

* Cried.

of the garrison, with most of the naval and military officers, and civil residents, had assembled. Keying went the round of the room with the utmost blandness, offering his hand to each of the ladies, and distinguishing one or two of them by little presents of purses or rosaries taken from his person.

There was one little girl in particular, about seven years of age, present, in whom Keying seemed much interested, and it was delightful to witness the good nature and benevolence of his manner when he took her upon his knee to caress her, and then placed an ornament about her neck. His fine Tartar head and person, grouped with the infant beauty of the little stranger, formed quite a picture.

Keying retired shortly after eleven o'clock, but not till he had asked the general, with characteristic good nature, if he wished him to remain any longer, evidently desirous not to disappoint the guests, who crowded round him with a mingled feeling of respect and curiosity.

There was another instance of high-breeding worthy of being recorded. A married lady who was sitting near him attracted a good deal of his attention, and having desired one of his attendants to bring him a silk handkerchief, he presented it to her, and begged he might retain her own in exchange for it. The lady was momentarily embarrassed, and Keying seeing this, said "he hoped he had done nothing contrary to our usages of propriety;" an apology which was immediately appreciated and understood.

In the course of the following day, the last conference took place between the English and Chinese plenipotentiaries, and in the evening Keying gave a sumptuous entertainment in the Chinese fashion. The hour of dinner specified in the invitations, which are curiosities in their way, was six o'clock; and before that time all the guests had assembled in one of the lower rooms, except the governor, upon whose arrival being announced, Keying hurried to welcome his excellency at the landing-place, and to conduct him to a seat in the centre of the room—the rest of the company sitting in arm-chairs formally placed on either side, with a small table between each two. The half hour before dinner, proverbially dull and trying to the patience in Europe, is in China relieved by the sedulous attentions of the entertainers, and by refreshments of the finest tea, which are offered to each guest in little cups—what with us is the sauce, being made to perform the more useful office of a cover to preserve the aroma.

Dinner being announced, the company proceeded up stairs to the sound of music, which had not the least resemblance to the "Roast Beef of Old England." A large table was set out in the spacious saloon, at the centre of which sat Keying, with Sir John Davis on his left hand, and Major-General D'Aguilar on his right; and proceeding round the table in the Chinese order, from left to right, the following, so far as we can remember, were the other guests:—Admiral Cochrane, the prefect of Canton; Chief-Justice Hulme; Lieutenant Patey, R.N.; Mr Waller, the admiral's secretary; Mr Sargent, A. D. C. to the governor; three mandarins: Hon. Major Caine, chief magistrate; the Hon. Frederick Bruce, colonial secretary; Captain Talbot, R.N.; the Chevalier Liljevalch, Swedish commissioner; a mandarin; Mr Attorney-General Stirling; Major Aldrich; Captain D'Aguilar, military secretary to the major-general; Dr Gutschaff, Chinese secretary; a mandarin; Lord Cochrane, A. D. C. to the major-general; Captain Bruce, assistant adjutant-general; Mr Shortrede; an imperial mandarin; Lieutenant Miller, R.N., A. D. C. to the admiral; Monsieur Delessert; Lord John Hay, R.N.; Lieutenant Miller, R.N.; Captain Gifford, R.N.; a Tartar mandarin; Captain Lyster of the Agincourt; Mr Mercer, acting colonial treasurer; Mr Elmslie, secretary to the superintendent of trade; and his excellency Pwan-tye-shing.

To our readers at home, it may be interesting to have a pretty minute account of the whole *menu* of the dinner, especially as it differed in several respects from the descriptions of Du Halde, Father Bouvet, and other more modern writers. From the number of dishes successively served up, we infer that it was a feast of the "more solemn sort," spoken of by the former of these authorities; but instead of a small table for each guest, there was, as we have said, only a single large one, in the English fashion, for the whole company; and except such a general invitation to be seated as might have passed unnoticed in Europe, there were none of the ceremonious bows to individuals which Father Bouvet speaks of.

* *Am-du-camp.*

Before each guest was placed a plate and *kuai-ti*, or chop-sticks, on one side, and a knife, fork, and spoon on the other. The chop-sticks, however, were pretty generally used—a little awkwardly, it must be admitted, by the English; while the mandarins, probably out of politeness to their guests, occasionally made use of the fork and spoon. Beyond the plates were ranged innumerable little pyramids of preserves, pickles, and dried seeds, which, from the experiments we made, we presume were not intended to be eaten, but placed merely for show; but at the left hand there was a small saucer of sweetmeats and salted relishes, which were partaken of and washed down with a glass of wine. And then commenced the more important part of the feast, by the array of servants setting before each guest a small bowl, about the size of a moderate breakfast cup, of birds'-nest soup, which might pass for very good vermicelli at home, and scarcely merits the celebrity it has obtained, or seems worth the enormous price it is said to cost. This was the prelude to a succession of other soups, stews, and hashes, most of which were so excellent, that the genius Archæus, who, according to the fanciful Van Helmont, keeps post in the upper orifice, as a sort of entom-house officer to the stomach, to watch all contraband food, must certainly have found his occupation gone, and declared for free trade on the occasion. We can speak for ourselves, that, after having partaken of all the dishes set before us, we never rose from a table with more inward peace and satisfaction. Having made a jotting on our return home, we are enabled to give a pretty full, but by no means complete list of the *menüs*, but without being certain under which class—soup, stew, or hash—they ought respectively to be ranged. After the birds'-nest soup there were venison soup, duck soup, never-to-be-sufficiently-praised sharks'-fin soup, chestnut soup, pork stew, a sort of vegetable pâté, with gravy in a separate saucer; stag sinew soup, shark-skin soup, second only to his elder brother of the fin; earth-nut ragout, a gelatine soup, made, we were told, of the pith of stags' horns; macerated mushroom and chestnut soup, stewed ham, sweetened with sugar or syrup; a stew of bamboo shoots, another of fish-maws, escalents with hot sauce, slices of hot cakes and cold jam-puffs; with numerous other nondescript soups and stews, in large bowls, placed in the centre of the table, of which vegetables, pigeons' eggs, and more especially pork, seemed to be the component parts, showing Chinese cooks, like Beaumont and Fletcher's, to be "thoroughly grounded in the mysteries and hidden knowledge of all soups, sauces, and salads whatsoever." In such a labyrinth of novel dishes, even the most practised gourmand might have been exercised for feeling a little at a loss; and our entertainers seemed to appreciate the circumstance, for when any particularly good morsel came upon the table, they would put some upon the plates of those near them; and Keying, with the most refined Chinese politeness, more than once took a tit-bit from his own dish, and conveyed it with his chop-sticks to the honoured guests beside him. Lest there might have been any one who could not contrive to make a sumptuous dinner from such materials, there were in the centre of the table roast peacock, pheasant, and ham; and tea was several times served to relieve this active "alimentary progression"—never dreamt of by Ude or Brillat-Savarin. It is worth noting, as a remarkable circumstance, that during the whole dinner there was not a grain of rice on the table, not even mixed with other food; though almost all writers tell us it is never wanting at a Chinese dinner of any sort. If, according to Sir John Davis, the appearance of bowls of rice at such feasts is the signal of the repast approaching its termination, the party on the present occasion must have broken up long before the host was tired of his guests; for the rice signal was never given.

There was no lack of good wines, liqueurs, and mandarin samshoo at dinner; nor were the Chinese unkindful to do due honour to them, by frequently pledging their guests; and this soon came to be no light matter, for they were never satisfied with a mere sip, but insisted on bumpers every time, and that the glass should be turned upon the table in proof of its having been honestly emptied. The effect upon themselves was scarcely perceptible, though we remarked a formidable-looking Tartar opposite where we sat, who, besides his share of champagne and other wines, discussed the greater part of a bottle of macrechino, and made serious inroads upon another of noyau, stroking his chin, and exclaiming "Hoh!" at each glass.

The succession of soups must have occupied nearly three hours, and when it at length came to a close, Keying rose

to dedicate a cup to the queen of heaven; and forthwith a series of low benches, covered with crimson cloth, were ranged from one end of the room to the other, and were speedily loaded with roast-pig, hams, fowls, and other substantial dishes; and before each a cook, or butcher, we could not tell which, sat down *à-la-Chinoise*, and taking a knife, like a cutlass, commenced slicing it down, in defiance of the maxims of the Carver's Guide, grasping the joint with the left hand, the long nails of which served for both fork and spoon. The ceremony is intended as an acknowledgment of the bounty of the queen of heaven, and is gone through before the guests, to show them that, even after the exuberance of dishes with which they have been served, there is still enough and to spare. The sliced meat was set upon the table, as were also cold mutton and pork, none of which were eaten; and then succeeded a dessert of fruits and preserves, with abundance of wine, cordials, and samahoo.

"The 'most prolonged breakfast,'" says Sir Walter Scott, "cannot well last above an hour;" but he does not set any limits to dinners, as in his own practice he observed none. The one we are speaking of had already extended almost to four hours; and, to the best of our recollection, the more substantial food was not entirely removed when the dessert came upon the table, while the toasts, we think, had commenced beforehand. The first was "The queen of England and the emperor of China," which was drunk with tremendous applause, the Chinese being especially vociferous, huzzaing, clapping their hands, and beating the table in the most approved English public-dinner fashion, the band in the adjoining room striking up what we presume was an appropriate air, but which sounded to our ears not unlike a Highland pibroch. A few other toasts followed—amongst the rest the king of the French and the king of Sweden, each of whom had a subject among the guests; and Keying then called upon the governor for a song, as a condition to giving one himself, which he afterwards did, and very well too, and joined lustily in the applause with which it was received. Pwang-tay-shing gave us two songs; the emperor's son-in-law excused himself on account of a hoarseness, brought on doubtless by the unwonted exercise of his lungs during the visit; and an attendant Tartar, a descendant of Genghis-khan, we were told, chanted a wild lit, having many of the characteristics of an old Scottish or Irish air. On the part of the English guests, besides the governor, songs were sung by the major-general, the chief-justice, the Honourable Frederick Bruce, and Mr Shortrede.

The Chinese are fond of enlivening their entertainments with shows and dramatic exhibitions, and most authors speak of these as invaluable accompaniments. The present dinner was an exception, probably because visits to foreign powers never having been before dreamt of in China, players form no part of an ambassador's retinue. However, a substitute was found in a game which we do not remember ever having seen described. Two flowers (dahlias) were given to Keying, who, first twirling them round his head, and then holding them to his nose, gave one to the governor and another to the general, who were desired to hand them round the table. In the meantime a drum was kept beating in the outer room, the performer at random making a sudden stop; and the person in whose hand the flower then chanced to be found, was required to quaff off a bumper of wine. This sport, from the sort *esprit de patrie* with which it was kept up, created a good deal of amusement, the Chinese being especially mindful to watch their victims, and laughing good-humouredly when caught themselves.

"In sporting phrase, the pace of the evening had been uncommonly fast, and all 'aroused potations bottle deep;" but whether it was the excellence of the drink, or the counteracting effects of the ragouts, every one, European and Chinese, seemed quite able to carry his liquor discreetly. The company broke up about eleven o'clock, Keying and the rest of the Chinese accompanying their guests down stairs, and taking leave of them at the door, both appearing to be mutually satisfied with the meeting.

A man so famous in the western world as Keying, was of course the observed of all observers during his visit. He is, we should suppose, of some fifty years of age, his tall and majestic form being graced with manners at once dignified and courteous. His whole deportment, in short, was that of a perfectly well-bred man of the world; and but for his dress and language, he might have been taken for a fine specimen of the old English gentleman of the highest

class. As we saw him on such public occasions, his bland countenance was beaming with good-humoured benevolence; but it is of an intellectual cast, and lighted up with a twinkling eye, which, as occasion demands, would be equally expressive of penetrating shrewdness as of social glee.

FRENCH AND ENGLISH MANNERS.

The art of society is, without doubt, perfectly comprehended and completely practised in the bright metropolis of France. An Englishman cannot enter a saloon, without instantly feeling he is among a race more social than his compatriots. What, for example, is more consummate than the manner in which a French lady receives her guests? She unites graceful repose and unaffected dignity with the most amiable regard for others. She sees every one, she speaks to every one; she sees them at the right moment, she says the right thing. It is utterly impossible to detect any difference in the position of her guests by the spirit in which she welcomes them. There is, indeed, throughout every circle of Parisian society, from the 'château' to the cabaret, a sincere homage to intellect; and this without any maudlin sentiment. None sooner than the Parisians can draw the line between factitious notoriety and honest fame; or sooner distinguish between the counterfeit celebrity and the standard reputation. In England we too often alternate between a supercilious neglect of genius and a rhapsodical pursuit of quacks. In England, when a new character appears in our circles, the first question always is, 'Who is he?' In France it is, 'What is he?' In England, 'How much a-year?' In France, 'What has he done?'—*Coningsby*.

MENTAL ADAPTATION.

Wonderfully does the mind suit itself to occasions, and become accommodated to every circumstance. It will rise superior to the strokes of fortune, be happy in adversity, and serene in death. The consciousness of rectitude will not only enable it to endure evil, but divest misfortune of its every terror. Tenderness will yield to an unbending firmness, and the eye in which the tear of emotion has so often started, will disdain to weep. He who remarks the vicissitudes of fortune, and how quickly prosperity may be succeeded by a fall, can alone appreciate that property of the mind by which it becomes elevated in triumph, and extracts from adversity its hidden jewel. Not rightly allowing for the action of this property, we err often in imputing misery to the cheerful and felicity to the sad. Bellarius, blind, and the sport of his enemies, might have yet been happier than the emperor of the East. The principle of adaptation to everything which can be the lot of man, is a good genius which follows him throughout his being; and its workings are alike evident, whether you regard his mental or physical relations to the phenomena which encompass him; it is this which gives a zest to his pleasures, a solace to his cares; it gilds for him the sunbeams of the morning, and when night approaches, it 'smooths' for him 'the raven down of darkness till it smiles.'—*W. F. Barlow*.

INTELLECTUAL PRECOCITY.

A child exhibits considerable talent, as it is supposed, and perhaps a great propensity to reading. It is decided to be a little genius. Undue efforts are made to cultivate its mental powers, and this cultivation is not confined to the faculties proper to youth, but as it occasionally exhibits reasoning powers, every effort is made to cultivate these; or, in short, more or less of the class of intellectual powers. The mind is now strained, the general health is impaired, and he who was so bright at nine or ten, is stupid or an idiot when he comes to maturity.—*Memoir of the late Dr Hope*.

GENEROUS SYMPATHY.

King George II. having ordered his gardens at Kew and Richmond to be opened for the admission of the public during part of the summer, his gardener finding it troublesome to him, complained to the king that the people gathered the flowers. 'What,' said the monarch, 'are my people fond of flowers? Then plant some more.'

Published by W. and R. CHAMBERS, High Street, Edinburgh (also 26, Miller Street, Glasgow); and with their permission, by W. S. OAS, Arden Corner, London.—Printed by BRADBURY AND EVANS, Whitefriars, London.